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A Literary Magazine

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Faculty Advisors

Dr. Charles Duncan

Ms. Denielle Lincoln

General Editors

Samantha Collins

Erika Galluppi

Graphic Design

Senior Design Team

Prism Staff

Brittany Cook, Sarah Edwards, Eleanor Harris, Jensen Mabe, Heather Mercer, JaMeka Tyler, Lori Rhinefield, Sara Williams, Sarah Pink, Trisha Widmayer, Gina Kelly, Adrienne Johnson, Ruth Boyack

PRISM GRAPHIC DESIGN TEAM

Lead Designers:

Donna Cherry

Katie Ellis

Catherine Gray

Designers:

Elizabeth Kostedt

Erin Mattingly

Heather Simmons

Lindsey Ward

Julia Woltjen

Faculty Advisor:

Denielle Lincoln

contents

4 **A Dedication, In Loving Memory of *Jo Hanna***
5 **Deliberate Destruction** By: *Eleanor Harris*
6-7 **Always a Lady** By: *Samantha C. Collins*
8 **Bad Day** By: *JaMeka Tyler*
9 **Little White Cat** By: *Gina Kelly*
Two Odes to Anyone By: *Gina Kelly*
10 **A Halloween Tale** By: *Samantha C. Collins*
11 **Him** By: *Gina Kelly*
12 **Five Ways of Looking at X** By: *Gina Kelly*
13 **Those Shores** By: *Joanna Grey*
Make It By: *Gina Kelly*
14 **Phantom Love Song** By: *Brittany Cook*
Your Orange Sugar By: *Brittany Cook*
15 **Untitled** By: *Eleanor Harris*
16 **Pictures** By: *Sarah Dawn Edwards*
17 **Run Little Girl, Run** By: *Eleanor Harris*
Or More or Less By: *Gina Kelly*
I Think I Am In Love By: *Gina Kelly*
18 **Journey** By: *Brittany Cook*
19-21 **The Unfinished Letter** By: *Erika J. Galluppi*
22 **Lyra's Smile** By: *Brittany Cook*
With Thanks to Coleridge By: *Sarah Dawn Edwards*
23-24 **An Immediate Response, A Later Reflection** By: *Erika J. Galluppi*
25 **Hush** By: *Kimberly Ann Jeans*
26 **The Roses** By: *Eleanor Harris*
A Changed Life By: *Kimberly Ann Jeans*
27 **Giving** By: *Gina Kelly*
A Reflection on Dickinson By: *Sarah Dawn Edwards*
Disgrace By: *Q. Allen*
28 **Untitled** By: *Sarah Dawn Edwards*
My Muse By: *Samantha C. Collins*
29-31 **Stickiness** By: *Q. Allen*
32 **Motion Sickness** By: *Samantha C. Collins*

DEDICATION TO JO HANNA

On Tuesday, 27 July, I was sitting by a pool at Wrightsville Beach. It was a glorious afternoon. The sun was brilliant, the sky was Carolina blue with a few soft, whispy clouds, and there was a cool refreshing breeze.

I felt slow, gentle water drops falling on my face. I thought someone had turned on the sprinkler system. There were just a few people at the pool and we all looked up at the sky in curiosity.

A man said, "It's raining!" His son responded, "It can't be raining, Dad. There aren't any rain clouds. Then a little girl said, "I think I see an angel."

The sun never stopped shining. As I looked up, the rain drops looked like sparkling diamonds – reflections of the sun. Within about 10 minutes, the water drops stopped falling. I've never seen anything like it.

Then I learned that Jo Hanna had slipped away from us that day. I wasn't ready. I wanted her to see her new room and play with "Marlie." We were going to learn to play Bridge and have "Supper Club." She was going to make jewelry and maybe do home parties. I couldn't believe I would never again see her beautiful eyes or hear her call my name. My heart was broken and my mind kept calling, "Wait – just wait!"

Yes, there was an angel in the heavens on Tuesday afternoon, 27 July, 2004. And the sky did cry diamond tears. But Jo Hanna was the sun, the sun that never stopped shining – for even in her absence she brings us warmth and strength.

Her love and joy will enable us to grow to be better people because we have known an angel – one who went to heaven one beautiful summer afternoon: and the sky cried diamonds.

God Bless.
Love, Mama

{Deliberate Destruction}

By: Eleanor Harris

Searching, alone and wounded

Unable to fulfill

Her desperate calls of help

The young figure creates her isolation

Through stubborn disasters

Of deliberate destruction

ALWAYS A LADY By *Samantha C. Collins*

She peeked from behind the curtain and quietly asked, "Who is it?"

"The police, ma'am. Are you Mrs. Diane Johnson?"

With a slight hesitation she began unlocking the door. After a moment of clicking and clacking she opened the door just slightly, the chain still attached to the door.

"Yes, that's me."

She glanced out the door looking at him, but avoiding eye contact. She pulled her tan terry cloth bathrobe closer over her body to protect her from the cold December air. She shook as the coldness seeped through her white cotton nightgown.

"Is there something I can help you with, officer?" Her voice quivered and she bit her lower lip.

"Can I come in, ma'am? I need to talk to you for a moment."

Her eyes scanned the desolate lawn. His eyes followed hers to the empty driveway and she swallowed hard.

"I suppose that would be all right." She slowly opened the door to allow him entrance. His steps were silent on the pristine white carpeting. He towered over Mrs. Johnson and, looking at her coldly, he scanned the foyer.

"Is there someplace we can sit down and talk?" She motioned him towards the breakfast nook tightening her robe again, particularly around the neck.

"I was about to make some tea; would you like a cup?" Her speech was stilted and shaky.
"Yes, ma'am, that would be wonderful."

She struggled to reach the tea cups on the highest shelf. The officer, being over six foot tall, stood beside her and took down two cups for her. The cups looked tiny in his massive hands and, as he extended them to her, she flinched.

"Could you get down a third? My husband should be home any moment."

He turned his eyes aside and got down the third cup. "It's rather late, you know?"

She filled the tea kettle and wiped down the counter making sure that every inch of the peach colored marble was perfectly sanitary. Folding the towel and draping it over the towel rack she stared at the officer.

"I came to talk to you about your husband, ma'am."

She looked at him with wide eyes. She picked up the towel and her knuckles went white as she slowly went over the counter again. "Ma'am, your husband is in our custody. He asked me to come down and get you because your phone was out of service, but I think you have the right to know what happened before you see him."

Looking around the kitchen the officer noticed the phone sitting on a small side table. The receiver was missing.

Mrs. Johnson poured the hot water into the tea cups. Her hand shaking, she carried two over to the small round table where the blue eyed officer sat. She reached out with her unsteady hand to give him his tea and he took her hands in his. Her skin was cold next to his and he noticed how much she looked like his own mother. She pulled back quickly. She sat down and stared at him stirring her tea repetitively.

"Your husband was in a car accident on his way home. He had been drinking and was legally drunk. When he was pulled over he had an altercation with the officer."

He looked at her, his hands closing into fists; she sipped her tea and turned the tea cup around on the table as she sat it down.

"My Geoff wouldn't drive drunk. He's very responsible; he always comes home straight from work." Her voice quivered and her eyes were red.

"He was intoxicated ma'am, very intoxicated, and we believe he was not coming home from work, but from a bar or someone else's home." She shook her head and stood up. "My Geoffy would never do something like that." She began sobbing and sat back down, burying her head in the terry cloth robe. "I want to see my Geoffy", she began whimpering over and over again.

"Ma'am, if you'll go get dressed I'll take you to see your husband." His eyes followed her as she walked down the hall holding on to the wall. The officer walked into the living room. The stark whiteness and the sheer sterility of the house was shocking. There was absolutely no dust anywhere in the house. The beige couches were covered in plastic sheets.

The pictures on the walls showed a young Mrs. Johnson. In her youth she had a liveliness about her; it shown through in her bright blue eyes. Even in the pictures that were black and white, the gleam in her eyes was apparent. The pictures were arranged chronologically showing the progression of the Johnsons' life together.

Their wedding photo showed a young Diane standing, not next to, nearly behind, Geoff at the altar of a small church. His overwhelming height-he must have been nearly 6'4"-and harsh facial structure overshadowed her soft femininity in her pure white dress and veil. His gray eyed gaze was cast coldly into the camera; hers was cast coyly to the side.

Pictures of their children were hung sequentially. Pictures of the youngest-a little boy-were prominently displayed: pictures of him playing football (the quarterback of course), pictures of his graduation, and every school picture from elementary school through high school. The most interesting picture of the boy was that of his wedding. His wife was the spitting image of a young Diane, her sweet youthful face leaning away from the camera while he looked straight on coldly.

The pictures of the two young daughters were sparse and coldly impersonal. The extent of pictures of the twins showed their high school and college graduations. Their mother was barely in any of the pictures.

In each picture Diane was in she seemed less alive and less visible. Her strong youthful frame stooped with each progressive picture. She seemed to shrink in size from 5'5" to barely 5 feet tall, yet her weight never seemed to change.

Ever stylish, she was perfectly attired for each event but always sure never to flaunt her well shaped frame or long lean legs. A very conservative woman in the way she dresses compared to the officer's mother who, he thought quietly, was a fan of skirts and tops that accentuated her figure rather than hid it.

"Always a lady first and foremost, aren't you Mrs. Johnson?" he whispered to himself as he waited for her to emerge from the room.

As Mrs. Johnson emerged from her bedroom in her off-white slacks and powder blue sweater her eyes met the officer and she picked up her white pocketbook, He noticed she was wearing house slippers that peeked out from under her pant legs. She pushed a stray strand of her graying hair behind her ear and blushed as she saw his eyes move to her feet.

"Take me to my husband." They rode in complete silence. As they pulled up to the police station she cleared her throat.

"He wasn't hurt, was he? He didn't hurt anyone else?"

"Your husband suffered minor cuts and bruises-nothing serious." He clenched his teeth; she could hear them grinding and she flinched. "But, someone else was hurt, ma'am. Hurt very badly, in fact. He assaulted the arresting officer. We don't know if the officer is going to make it -- he's in intensive care currently."

She sobbed and leapt out of the car. She slumped against the side of the car and began crying. Sirens howled in the background and she wiped the tears from her eyes.

He looked at her as she nervously pulled her sleeves down over her wrists. The officer reached over and pushed the arm of her sweater up over her frail arm. Dark black and blue bruises covered her pale arms.

"Ma'am? Did he do this to you?"

She nodded.

In the dim light of the parking lot Mrs. Johnson looked almost as she had in her youth. She breathed deeply and stood taller than she had all night. "What can I do to stop him?" "Follow me ma'am. I promise, I'll keep you safe." She looked more and more like his mother with each passing moment.

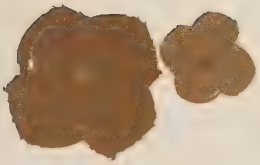
She pulled the pin out from her long salt and pepper hair and walked into the police station looking at the ground. He walked a half a step behind her up to the building and held open the door.

BAD DAY *By JaMeka Tyler*

Monday morning you're running late
Can't seem to find those shoes today
Dog's barking for his morning walk
Jump in the car and it doesn't start
You scream damn I should've bought
that part yesterday
Like my mind had told me to do
Will this day get any better?
The feeling's hopeless
And it seems no one cares
Will this day get any better?
You need the courage to say
Today's gonna be alright
it's such a bad day
On the table there's a stack of bills
unpaid
Dishes in the sink and it's getting late
Feels like you're ready to fall
Jump in the shower and the water
turns cold
Wanna get some sleep but the
neighbor's blasting his stereo
Don't know what to do
Will this day get any better?
The feeling's hopeless
And it seems no one cares
Will this day get any better?
You need the courage to say
Today's gonna be alright
it's such a bad day
When the morning comes
You'd better pray to God
Today goes your way
Will this day get any better?
The feeling's hopeless
And it seems no one cares
Will this day get any better?
You need the courage to say
Today's gonna be alright
it's such a bad day

LITTLE WHITE CAT By *Gina Kelly*

Little white cat on my table,
You look so demure.
Little white cat on my table,
I am not quite sure:
You are so tiny, the world so big.
What will you do if you're caught in a fig?
There's no telling.
And I won't speculate.



TWO ODES TO ANYONE By *Gina Kelly*

one
anyone lived in a pretty how town
do or die he said
and left that town with
a thought in his head
about the way the world would be
once he left he missed his how town
for nothing was as pretty as he hoped
so he moped and he groped
and he dragged himself home
to live in a pretty how town
two
anyone lived in a pretty how town
and had fun every day
anyone lived in a pretty how town
and acted in a play
anyone lived in a pretty how town
and gave herself away
to little boy blue and his bugle horn
until jack horner came along with his blueberry pie
and little miss muffet cried at the loss
of the man who was snoring after he divorced
the old woman who lives in a shoe and tells the story of
george washington and the cherry tree
when anyone lived in a pretty how town

A HALLOWEEN TALE By *Samantha C. Collins*

An Abstract Horror Story in 5 Parts

I. A Girl Lies in Wait

A light burns out in the hall.
A shadow climbs up the wall.
Lightning strikes a tree nearby
as the storm goes passing by.
On the bed her eyes closed tight
fearing the dark, stormy skies.

II. Dreams of Peace

near a waterfall
in peace a Red flower blooms
taking me back home.
beside an old oak
a rabbit runs for cover
as two lovers laugh

III. The Horror

drip - drop - drip
drop - drip - drop
drip - drop - drip
--- DROP ---
falling fast
slyly slipping
drudging downward
GRACEFULLY
swimming slowly
flying forward
effortlessly evoking
THE WIND
twirling timidly
blowing breathlessly
rustling restlessly
UNTIL THE END OF TIME

IV. Out of Harm's Way

when fear slips away
those dreams of dark do recede
to a place we dread
from beyond the veil
seeing what we know is true
safety is regained

V. The Morning After

Bleary eyed and exhausted
Red stains on the White carpet
She stands triumphant before
The clearing blue morning skies.
The victor of all she knows
And the champion of all.

Him.
Tall.
Sweet.
Delight.
A treat
to carry
home.
Please?

FIVE WAYS OF LOOKING AT "X" By *Gina Kelly*

I

Twenty-fourth from the left.
Third from the right.
In a written alphabet.

II

Yellow sign.
Black lines.
Flashing lights.
Metal tracks.
Choo-choo.

III

Do not.
No.
Non.
Here.

IV

Poison in this bottle.
Death on this face.
Fun in this pill.
You are here.

V

the children get excited
the adventure begins
because this piece of paper
with all these lines and marks
leads them to a place called
X marks the spot

THOSE SHORES By *Joanna Grey*

Far from home
my thoughts wander
to places
I have never been
but my dreams
have traveled and explored
their shores
There I have no fear,
I can conquer anything,
My mind knows no doubts,
Confusion is not a companion,
And uncertainty is lost
Among the rolling hills
Of my aspirations
I follow in the footsteps
Of the weary and victorious
Travelers who have
Washed up upon those shores
To discover and hold dear
Such faith
Such peace
Such freedom

MAKE IT By *Gina Kelly*

make it go away
make it simply stop
lift this putrid burden
off the depth of my scope
i feel like a thud in the wall of my shoe
floating through time but wafting through

PHANTOM LOVE SONG By *Brittany Cook*

He's never seen me frozen before
I collapsed into arms unknown
Blood trickled down my neck
One glistening red tear
A murder so familiar
Hair across my knees
It was everywhere
Whispy waves of amber
One breath and it was gone
Soothing clover covered my feet
Blistered hands over my eyes
He covered me in death
My phantom love song
Awakened to nothingness
And phosphorus in the air.

YOUR ORANGE SUGAR By *Brittany Cook*

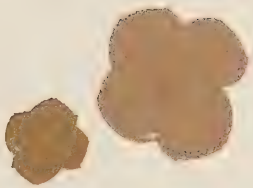
one day i'll have fire like you
and you'll come running away
the air i breath will taste like little drops of honey
honey melts the sticky fire
and i taste you on my orange sugar tongue
what a fine morning
the day's on fire...
and oh, i feel like a tiny firefly on your wings
ripped apart
so ripped apart by your terrors...
one day i'll burn to ash like you
just dying for a smile
and the air I breathe will be my own dust.

UNTITLED By *Eleanor Harris*

You remember me as that weak girl
Playing in the shadows of doubt
Fixing my body in hopes of fixing my heart
Carrying through by the grace of wind
Smiling to dodge the accusations
Smothered by a life that slipped off track
You remember me as that weak girl
Playing in the shadows of doubt

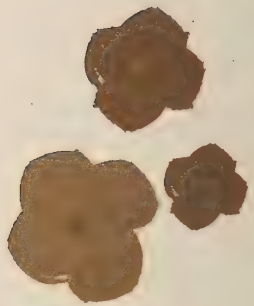
Your memories cast doubts on our future
Leaving me no room to grow
My past blinds your vision of anything more
Maybe one day you will cut that rope
Releasing me from that undermining past
Do you want to see the woman I have become
Or is it satisfying to live in the comforts of the past?
Please baby let me be more than the past will ever let you see

You remember me as that weak girl
Playing in the shadows of doubt
Fixing my body in hopes of fixing my heart
Carrying through by the grace of wind
Smiling to dodge the accusations
Smothered by a life that slipped off track
You remember me as that weak girl
Playing in the shadows of doubt



PICTURES By *Sarah Dawn Edwards*

A memory is just a faded photograph,
Crumpled from being held so much,
Creased from being folded in a pocket,
Stained from so frequent a touch.
Just like that picture, held too long,
As time goes by all memories fade,
Sometimes accidentally misplaced,
Sometimes just tucked away.
Eventually that picture, carefully put aside
In a shoebox in the back of the mind,
Tumbles out like a closet door has been opened,
Leaving a pile of memories from other times.
Just like that picture, newly re-found,
A finger will run over that memory,
Like tracing the outline of a lost one's face,
Or kissing one's lips in silent reverie.
When that memory appears, face-to-face,
The camera is raised and the pictures are new;
That film will soon be developed,
But those will be tucked away too.
Just as the memories were once added,
Some will be taken away.
Just like the heart, the mind must make room
For the memories of today.



RUN LITTLE GIRL, RUN By *Eleanor Harris*

Run little girl
Run
Run faster
Faster
Your past is catching up
Catching up
Your demons are creeping out
Creeping out
Run little girl
Run
Run faster
Faster
Your mistakes are catching up
Catching up
Your lies are creeping out
Creeping out
Run little girl
Run
Run faster
Faster
Faster
Faster.

OR MORE OR LESS By *Gina Kelly*

Sitting here and
    Wondering.
What's going on?
Where will I go?
Who will I be?
Is it everything I'd hoped?
    Or more?
    Or less?
How close am I?
How far away?
I can't believe I'm here already.
But there is where I want to be.

I THINK I'M IN LOVE

I think I'm in love
    But I don't want him to know.
I think I'm in love
    But there is no place to go.
It's not the right time
    But when will it ever be?
It's not the right time
    But I won't ever be free.
Of this feeling here
    Inside of my heart, right here.

OURNEY
there I found him
lying beneath the dust
choking on the air he breathes
but its beauty nearly brought tear
to my disenchanted eyes
Brittany Cook

THE UNFINISHED LETTER By *Erika J. Galluppi*

Dear You:
Tell me, how do I hold back
These tears that just won't
Go away go away go away;
I don't want to cry anymore.
No more, no how, never again.
Why am I so emotional?
Let's not go there, shall we.
I'm sure that such emotional
Demonstrations of girlish passion
Make you nervous. You never did
Take responsibility and admit your
Regret and shame or apologize.
Wish I could be so coldhearted.
Yours is the easy way out.
But, just so you know, real men
Accept their guilt and learn from
Their destructive tendencies.
Why did you enjoy our public
Displays of affection more while
You were drunk than during the
Few times you were sober? You
Always started to squirm and needed
A little something to help you
Tell me how you felt, truly felt.
You think you're so deep,
But you're such a mud puddle.
A shallow one too. But,
You loved me, even though
You did ever-so-secretly.
Screw secrecy. You really did
Love me, you couldn't help it.
And that's not vanity speaking.
I know that love can be like an
Incurable disease, a cancer of the
Heart and mind and soul-a
Terrible metaphor, but so true.
So, I couldn't help my feelings.
I still can't help them. Oh great,
Here come the waterworks.
Don't you dare shrug me off!
You can't blame my tears, my pain,
my overall angst all on P.M.S.
Or other womanly weaknesses.
I won't blame it all on denial
Or other psychological
Defense mechanisms.
I can't even blame it
All on that crazy thing called
Love love love. L-O-V-E!
I can, however-and
Will, however-blame it
All on you you you.
Whoop-de-f---ing-you!
You're the cause of this
Wreckage and I'm just
The unwitting vessel.
Far too trusting for my own good.
I was naively standing by the man
I thought was solely mine. Mine!
In retrospect, blame games don't help.
No way, no how, never.
Doesn't feel better to curse you
When you don't echo my pain

And you aren't hampered by
Thoughts of the past like I am.
As it is, I can't think straight and
Not think of you too damn much.
I hate you for that. I really do.
You aren't worth it. You know that,
And, when I think about it, you
Pride yourself on being worthless.
So why can't I get you
Out out out of my head?
I tried to move on, believe me.
I even kissed someone else today.
He's a nice boy, not like you.
But I still thought of you,
And you've corrupted even that.
Damn me for not making out.
Damn him for not making me.
Why can't I forget forget forget?
My brains are even more scattered,
Can't think or act like I should.
Productivity be f---ing damned!
I hate that f-word.
Hate it almost as much as I hate you.
So, why the hell can't I
Do the decent thing for
Myself and leave you all alone
In the (f-word again!) dust?
You rightfully belong there.
Not here, not in my head.
Why can't I banish you?
I hate you. I hate you. I hate you!
Just die. Just burn. Just suffer.
Just feel something!
Feel me. See me. You ain't
Never ever gonna do me
No way, no how, never.
And you're never going to
Know the inner me like
You could have. Too late now.
So I hope that she/he/it/they,
And whatever else replaced me,
Was/is/are worth it. If not, too bad.
You aren't ever going to find
A scrap of self-worth in
Your hellhole of a heart
No way, no how, never.
Don't worry, I don't pity you.
Just for future reference:
I really f---ing hate you.
Damn damn damn!
You made me curse yet again.
I hate that even more.
I feel tainted by you and jaded.
I hate my tears too.
Who knew salt and water
Could burn me so badly?
Your fault again.
I hate you so much that
I wish you hated me. At least,
We'd be on the same page again.
But then, were we ever truly in sync?
We might have been together
For a while, but we lost any
Two-as-one mindset long before

We even had a smidgeon of a chance.
Your fault entirely, of course.
I was told that it only took you a few
Weeks before you explored the
Orifices on someone else.
I Also heard it was a record for you.
Good for you. And good for me too.
At least I was special enough to
Have you to myself for 14 days.
It helps to know that I had no choice
In loving you. And it helps
To know you wanted me,
For however brief a moment.
It still hurts like hell, though.
Such consolations aren't very
Comforting they're not enough.
And you're certainly not enough.
Sorry, I want far far far more.
In fact, I'm really sorry.
That I ever desired you, I mean.
Why can't you just be who
I thought you were, or even who
I thought you could someday be?
I offered to help you. I wanted you.
Unconditional love was yours.
It would have been so much easier
If only you trusted me.
Or better yet, we could have made it,
If only you'd trusted yourself and
Reined back those bodily impulses
And urges that you claim to despise.
Guess it's a love/hate relationship.
Or were you just telling me what
I wanted to hear. Probably the latter.
Too late to know for sure, I suppose.
You need to be honest with yourself
Before you can figure out the truth.
And tell me a good whopper of a lie.
I wish you'd told me before I
Started falling for you that you
Weren't interested in changing,
You were just pretending to change.
I really hate feeling so used,
So if you don't mind, for the love
Of whatever you hold precious,
Stop your selfish mind games.
No more faking false feelings.
It would be nice if you could
Try to think of me sometimes too,
And not just of you you you.
But, I'm trying to be realistic here.
I still hate you, you know.
Ah hell, why couldn't you just?
~Love, Me.

LYRA'S SMILE By *Brittany Cook*

Cracked jelly beans in jello-flavored water
resting on a lillypad frosted with your flavor
locked joints on silver cottons
flaring wings sucking breath from the air
salty petals floating across the froth
forever dancing in the silkworm's cocoon
and these tears sleep in moss and chocolate
glistening against my own reflective soul
caught in this blinding glow-sphere of honey-bled bliss
. . . Lyra's smile

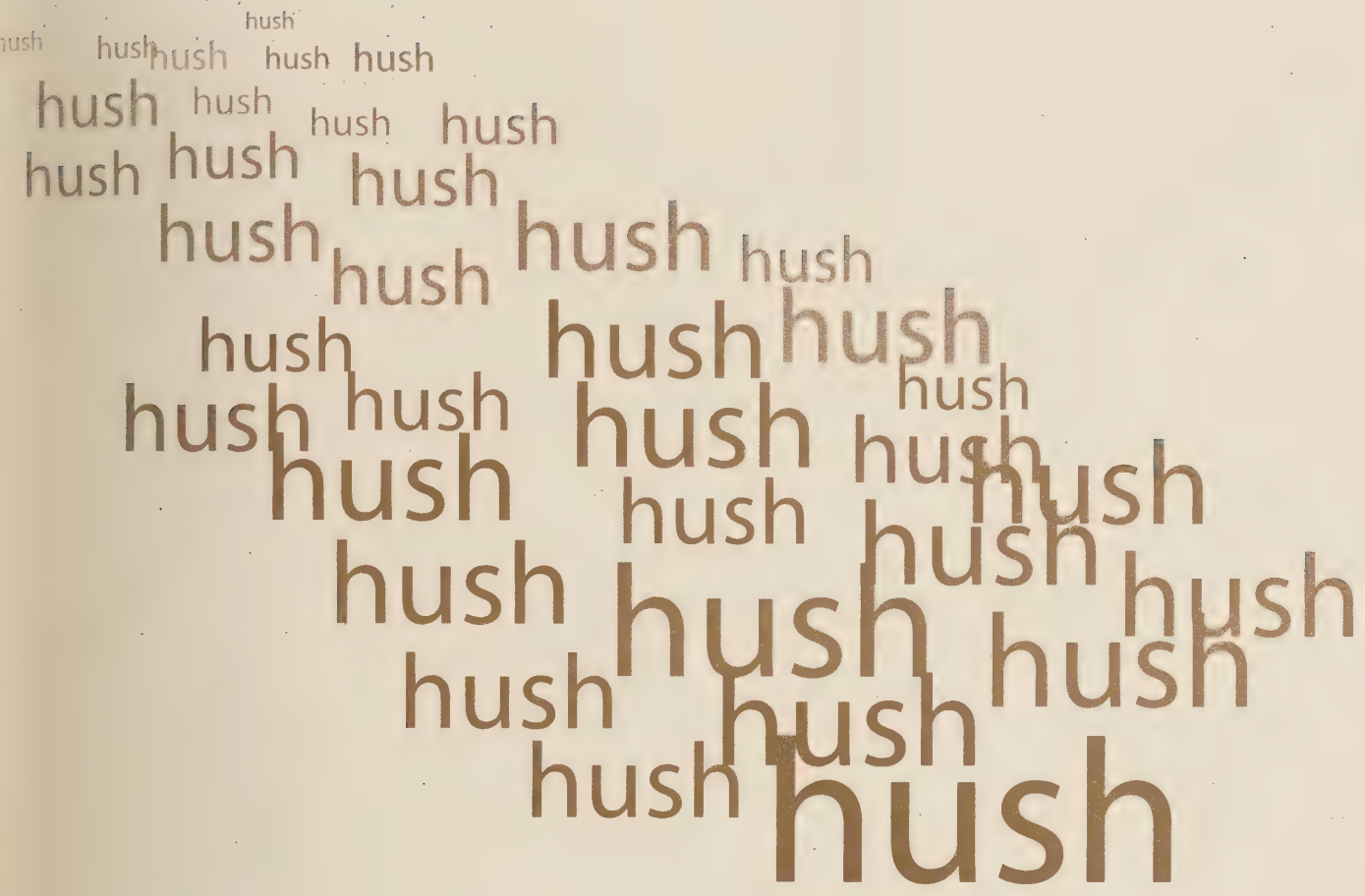
WITH THANKS TO COLERIDGE By *Sarah Dawn Edwards*

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
Climb a top a grassy hill
To pick some tulips red and pink
And add to the spray some daffodils.
He skipped among the colored fields
And tripped on the thick ivy roots;
He tumbled to the fresh earth-dirt
And lost his pair of deerskin boots.
As he fell he lost more of his loots
And cried when he lost his sapphire belt.
He broke two teeth and split his lip
And suffocated under his mammoth pelt.

AN IMMEDIATE RESPONSE (A LATER REFLECTION) By *Erika J. Galluppi*

Dear friend, you say: "It's your life, hon.
Do whatever you want to do."
So let me go and let me do,
even if I seem hell-bent on
the pursuit of heartache and pain.
Just let me go, and allow me
to tumble. (After all, I did
learn something while on my own,
during the inevitable
Alice-in-Wonderland freefall.)
Now, don't get all upset.
I do appreciate you, believe me.
(You weren't the liar when you said
"I love you, I thank you, I care.")
Though you love me, your genuine
concern induces panic and
generates anxieties.
But, your love also brings warmth into
my heart, (which had been throbbing so
excruciatingly since you
warned of your forthcoming bluntness.)
God--who knew that your suspicions
would prick and wound so very much?!
(Especially when, much later on,
your scathing accusations were
proven not quite so unfounded.)
Even the merest pinpricks of
shadowy thought, the most fleeting
of uncertainties, can blight once-
blissful innocence and shatter
the human spirit (as you and
I both now know).
But justified or not, be he in the
clear or guilty as sin, let me go and
make my own mistakes.
If it helps, just think of all the
angst that will permeate and inspire my
writing from now on. (Bad joke, that.)
Now, now--don't jump to conclusions;
it isn't that I will ever-
so-naively forgive/forget.
I don't believe him over you.
Never could I ever pick between you
and him. (Thanks for not making me!)
Tired of manipulations,
and all this guilt-tripping galore,
I only want to make my own decisions.
It would be nice if you could offer
(perhaps not now, not today, but someday)
some small measure of support,
though I don't kid myself into asking for
your complete understanding.

For, you couldn't give it and I don't
know how I'd react if you did
give it on a silver platter.
All I know is I need to do
that which I have to do,
(I saw what I must in order to claim
ownership of the remnants of
dignity, esteem, and myself.)
What can be scraped from the pond scum
of that betrayal of my love
is the wreckage of what I once
called my ultimate happiness.
(Disillusionment, broken heart,
all pain aside--the fault's not yours.)
So, I won't kill the messenger,
if you don't blame me, the victim.



KIMBERLY ANN JEANS

The lights dim and I hold my breath,
A hush steals over the room.
It begins.
A tidal wave of emotion sweeps over my body.
I weep and I laugh; I scream and I cover my eyes.
What in the world can make you feel this way, you ask.
Hush! I'll tell you as soon as the movie ends.

THE ROSES By *Eleanor Harris*

You stare into my eyes
Your gaze begins to take over
In an unwilling way
You know it tells me more than your words
It is letting me know your opinion has since then changed
People are swarming around
Their importance is growing
It will never die down
Burying me under their growth, their needs
They are the roses, covering my now unwanted weed
My beauty has been destroyed
I, the weed of disaster,
Contained beauty when the roses remained unseen
Nonexistent beauty grows beneath the pain

A CHANGED LIFE By *Kimberly Ann Jeans*

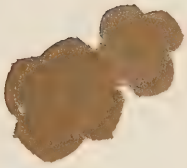
When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
Woman strives to find a life of her own,
Free of the grief and pain that haunted her.
No longer is she tormented by his
Anger and hate. No longer must she live
In captivity she can break free of.
A life spent living for him is now changed.
Today she lives alone: she has broken free.
And someday, maybe one day very soon,
Her dreams will take flight and she will soar high.

DISGRACE! By *Q. Allen*

I went to a bar in Queens
Surrounded by seven dope fiends
We got jumped on the stairs
The bystanders in pairs
Saw me get beat up in Queens

GIVING By *Gina Kelly*

If something hurts me,
then I drop it.
If something leaves me,
then I want it.
Jealous love.
Obsessive giving.



A REFLECTION ON DICKINSON

By *Sarah Dawn Edwards*

I always make the grade,
I always aim to please;
Yet think how nice it would be
To drop out completely.
I always stay up late,
And burn the oil in torture;
Yet certain am I of my place
As a servant to the teacher.

UNTITLED *By Sarah Dawn Edwards*

She's leaving her ring on the pillow for him to find alone.
She wonders if he'll notice that she's not here tonight when he gets home. She feels like she's been gone forever if only in her heart. She's taking her body to join it to finish what she started.
It hurts her to leave him when they've shared so much.
She can't stay here with him because her heart he'll never touch.
So when he gets home this evening and finds that she's not here, He'll open that whiskey bottle and hold it very dear.

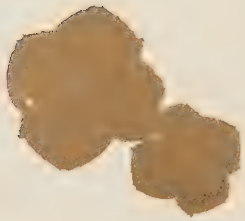
MY MUSE *By Samantha C. Collins*

An invisible visitor slipped in
Dreary voices swarmed around
Floating above the din
She mourned her own life.

An invisible visitor slipped in
Dancing through a morbid sea of celebration
To mingle with the stars.

An invisible visitor slipped in
Embracing Life; Embracing Dreams.

An invisible visitor slipped in
And pen
to paper
fell.



STICKINESS By *Q. Allen*

I.

Started a collective
I need $3 to walk to the
Store to buy 20 communist camels
Packed in a small red box
That's 20 cents per stick.

II.

My computer is frustrating me
My mom won't quit screaming over the phone
My girl just dumped me
Fishing in my pocket for a red
I stomp to the balcony it's 3am and storming
The smoke swirling in the night rain
So romantic. My troubles are gone.

III.

Five of us on the porch
Talking physics and techno music
Brad needs to bum from me
But that's ok. Jim can smoke rings.
Pete farted. Nothing better than coffee, physics and smoking
Every kid in town wants to be the Death Bones crew.

IV.

Sitting in the Ross patio
Me and seven other girls arguing over
The Yankees and the Red Sox
Democrats and republicans
Evil gays and holy straights
Ghetto blacks and preppy Whites
With one thing in common:
We're all smoking our lives away.

V.

In between cartons and Jenna Haze
Another piece of propaganda
A sad lonely woman with an intergalactic voicebox
Paid her price for smoking.
Now her neck talks for her.
I light the end of my stick.
Sorry for your bad luck.

VI.

After the mattress has seen the end of days
And the sheets pop the corners
Rain taps the window as
Sweat drops down our chests. You touch the side of my face.
?Yo quiero un cigarillo?
Nothing more important in sex than the
Cancerous comedown.

VII.

"I quit!" She screamed.
It takes up too much money
It makes me stink.
It's unattractive and
It's a dirty habit.
too bad you're addicted.

VIII.

Damn he looks good
Look at that Humphrey Bogart
In his coat tilting his head back and lighting his stick
As if he was sent by God to
Tell the world how cool smoking is.
Well it worked.

IX.

Cigarettes contain carbon monoxide
And damage pregnant women
It gives you emphysema and heart disease
In a week you'll die from lung cancer and
Your children will hate you and grow up
To become homosexuals and your teeth
Will fall out in a month.
Who woulda thought killing yourself felt so right.

X.

"I thought you cared about me!"
"I do, that's why I'm not buying you cigarettes."
"That doesn't make sense."
"I don't want you to get cancer. That's how I care about you."
"Whatever. I care about you not getting a heart attack but I bought
you that extra large belly-buster-turbo-burger."
"You smoke camel reds, right?"

XI.

Don't smoke Camels, they give money to
The Republican party. Don't smoke Newports cuz
They'll kill you faster than crack. Don't smoke
Cloves or you'll cough up blood. Don't smoke ultra lites
Cuz you can't taste anything.
Don't smoke marlboro's they're too harsh
On your lungs Don't smoke Parliaments they're
Too expensive.

XII.

Why shouldn't I?
So what I'll get cancer or my
Face will fall apart? All the
Great writers did it. Ginsberg,
Kerouac, Bubowski, Langston, Fitzgerald,
Thomas and then there's me. Why don't you go
Talk shit to Hustler? They make teenage moms
Flash boobs for pennies and nobody complains.

XIII.

I peer in what seems to be a
Bottomless box and there's 1
Lonely communist camel left
All the rest of his comrades burned
Alive for kicks.
This sucks.
Sometimes sentimental, always depressing
To know that in 2 minutes you'll be
Dry. And it's time to face the
World again
Alone
Uncool
And without comfort sticks.
Until you get a new pack
And life is renewed.

Motion Sickness

by Samantha Collins

awoke with a start
rest less night's sleep
on a train that rattled through town
shimmying and shaking
moving faster, direction unknown
an internal flip
and a rolling of eyes
nauseous and palefaced
cold on the ground
silent and sleeping
preparing for another round of
motion sickness

peace college
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